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their nervous system; illness may have occasioned it, and therefore they are far more to be pitied than blamed. Not but self-indulgence is a great evil, and is very much to be guarded against, for it has been the cause of a number of weaknesses incidental to the human frame. Indeed, without self-possession we cannot pass comfortably through this life, as there are numberless events of a trying nature to exercise our patience. And what use is fretting under any calamity: it only makes a bad matter worse; whereas if we bear all our trials with magnanimity, happiness will be the consequence. It may not be amiss, therefore, to urge a few motives to self-possession:

1. By the acquisition of this virtue, every calamity, even death itself, is blunted. We see our dangers, feel our miseries, but nobly rise superior to them; so that we go forward in the pursuit of duty, and attain the plaudit of our own minds, as well as of the world. On this principle soldiers rush into the field of battle, and fall nobly in defence of their country. Examples of this virtue occur in every war undertaken for self-preservation. So that fool-hardiness is different from this conduct; for it invades another country, or runs into danger without a lawful call.

2. The peace of our own minds is a motive sufficient to overbalance every other consideration; and it is impossible to acquire this disposition without self possession. All sound philosophy has been established upon the mastery of the passions, in opposition to self-indulgence. It must therefore be of the greatest importance to cultivate this disposition, for thereby we ensure to ourselves far greater riches than the possession of all the Indies, even the possession of ourselves, so as not to lose our temper, but enjoy equanimity.

3. Another inducement to this virtue is, the wonderful good effect it has on our health. Many have suffered from unbridled passions, and injured their health essentially. Passion is very dangerous to the constitution, as many have found from bitter experience; whereas those bear their age the best, who in general evidence a meek and quiet temper.

A very remarkable instance of self-possession occurs in the life of Sir Isaac Newton, which may close the present essay: "Sir Isaac Newton was called out of his study on a particular occasion, to an adjoining room. A little dog, named Diamond, happened to be left amongst the papers, and threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost finished labours of some years. Sir Isaac soon returned, and had the mortification to behold his irreparable loss. But, with his usual self-possession, he only exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

Glanmire, Feb. 4, 1809. T. M.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

ROSA....A MORAL TALE.

Continued from p. 183, *No VIII.*

MRS. Cleveland saw the consequences of this marriage with pangs, which added acutely to the misery of ill health; and wished most earnestly for Mr. De Clifford's absence, that she might imprint her counsels on the young and inexperienced heart of Rosa. Mr. De Clifford had often wished his wife to consent to accompany him abroad; but Rosa held her promise to Mrs. Cleveland sacred, independent of which she could not, without a degree of ingratitude she was incapable of, leave her benefactress, in her present precarious state of health: and as Mr. De Clifford's bills were now almost exhausted, he shortly, as he had promised, placed her under the protection of Mrs. Cleveland; and with repeated assurances of speedy return, embarked with a fair wind for his native country: Rosa watched the launching of the vessel, with an eye calm and steady; yet her bosom heaved with agony; but when even the last faint echo of the cheers of the mariners ceased; when De Clifford's voice was no longer heard; his form no longer seen; her spirit failed her; a dark foreboding of evil came over her, and she sunk senseless into the arms of an attendant. She had regularly made the most particular inquiries concerning East India arrivals, with the hope of hearing her uncle announced as a passenger but,

this hope had as yet met with constant disappointment.

Mrs. Cleveland received her with the sincerest affection; and sensible of the value of the sacrifice she had made, exerted her utmost efforts to make her time pass cheerfully, by encouraging her to go abroad, and procuring agreeable society at home; and Rosa's mind, ever elastic, looked forward with fond hopes, that softened by their separation, she might on his return, mould De Clifford as she pleased.

But alas! poor Rosa! calamity assailed thee, from a quarter totally unexpected! you knew not the world, or its malice; and that to be young, lively, and ingenuous, and absent from your legal protector, was to be exposed to the malignant shafts of envy, and detraction! Hadst thou been hypocritically prudish! Hadst thou carried about with thee a mockery of seriousness, inconsistent with youth, and its blooming hopes! Hadst thou been sophisticated, and artful, then wouldst thou have been applauded. But as it was—with feelings animated and alive to every trait of genius or singularity, you were too fair an object for the shafts of envenomed persecution. Even the respectable protection of Mrs. Cleveland, was not sufficient to preserve thee from them! Thou knewest nothing, Rosa, of the chicanery of life! thou didst not think it necessary, when thy heart opened to all the glow of social happiness, in pleasing society, to repel its warm energies, and clothe thyself in the gravity of age; nor did thou in the company of men of sense and genius, think it incumbent on thee, to shut thyself up in uncomfortable silence, merely because Mr. De Clifford was absent; no, sweet Rosa, not such thy cold and hacknied feelings! and when the praises due to thy playful wit, buzzed around the envious circle, thou wert much too artless to perceive, that the malignant sneer, the side-cast glance, and the damning nod of the head accompanied it!

Mr. De Clifford's singular silence, who had been now above a year absent, without any intelligence arriving from him (though the safe arrival of the ship had been announced in the public papers) added a yet deeper sting to malevolence; and Rosa first began to perceive it, in the cold and altered manners of her female acquaintance. She was now continually exposed to the most mortifying inquiries.

"Have you not heard from Mr. De Clifford yet?" was the usual question. "Well it certainly is very singular! you are convinced that it is not any fatal event on his side, that occasions his strange silence? but to be sure, poor thing, that can not make you easy! your situation is in every way unpleasant! deserted so young! your conduct ought to be very prudent, for people *will* take liberties!"

From harangues such as these Rosa generally retreated astonished, indignant, mortified, and by no means perfectly understanding them. But she was not long permitted to remain ignorant of their meaning. A kind friend was found to strike the barbed arrow yet deeper; to let her feel in its fullest extent the wretchedness De Clifford's conduct had inflicted. This friend was Mrs. Lendrick! She it was, who first tore the veil aside, and showed to Rosa her prospect of misery! She it was, who placed the first wound in a heart pure, ingenuous and affectionate! nay! so well did she act her part, that at the moment she poured the poison of misery into her bosom, poor Rosa thought her her sincerest friend.

"To be sure, Mrs. Lendrick felt her afflictions almost as forcibly as if they were her own. She had thought of her more than any one else, her own children excepted, and would if called on, act a sister's part by her. She was convinced of her dear Rosa's innocence! But the world, the world would not allow it; and the world was not to be braved with impunity!"

She then related to the almost heart-broken listener some strictures on her conduct; one half of which we may with justice impute to her own invention (for the detractor will always exaggerate) and when she thought she had brought her to a proper pitch of suffering, she soothed her with tears, and caresses; and Rosa, mistaken Rosa,

left her with a heart warm with gratitude, though sunk in dejection.

The contemptuous neglect of one sex generally brings with it the insults of the other, so that we can hardly be astonished when no middle path is left to the unhappy female, that so many become the unfortunate victims of vice. Rosa had scarcely reached home, ere two letters, each containing the most infamous proposals, were delivered to her, the one from a young man, whose intimacy at Mrs. Cleveland's rendered his insult even more unpardonable; the other from an old gentleman she had met some time back at a party, whose name she had not then heard, but who now introduced himself under the title of Murray. Bitter tears of agony could scarcely be concealed; but unwilling to distress her benefactress with a knowledge of them, she inclosed them in separate blank covers, and sent them to the post-office.

"Oh, Frederick!" she cried in accents of anguish, "to what have you not exposed me! Oh! why, if so careless of the hapless Rosa, did you profane the marriage tie, and by your desertion, brand your wretched wife with infamy?"

Mrs. Cleveland now entered. It was no new thing to see Rosa in tears, and she viewed her unmerited fate in silent compassion. Rosa now for a time struggled to conceal her anguish, under the mask of assumed gaiety, and to laugh at the malice of her destiny. But she soon found that Mrs. Lendrick had at least spoke true on one point, the world was not to be braved; she might have also added, that the misery of our heroine's own heart could not long be endured. She sunk beneath it, and for a length of time her reason and her life were equally despaired of. During this interval, though Mrs. Cleveland's health was daily failing, and herself growing more infirm, yet she attended Rosa with all the fondness and assiduity of a mother. Nor did Mrs. Lendrick fail in the farce of attention; calling frequently to inquire after, and pity the unfortunate young creature.

At length, contrary to every one's opinion, Rosa recovered. Renewed health gave activity to her frame; but brought not peace to her heart. Among the most early of her visits, on going out, was one to Mrs. Lendrick; but this lady, conceiving she could no longer be applauded for attention or compassion to a being, who seemed kindly forgotten by the world, received her with the most petrifying coldness. The old story, with additions, was brought forward to a victim issuing from confinement and the grave; and though she was still perfectly assured of her Rosa's innocence, and still loved her dearly as a sister, yet several people had been advising with her, and for her children's credit and her own, sde must decline all further connection with her.

Wild, haggard, almost distracted, Rosa rushed from her presence, and sought Mrs. Cleveland's, almost fearing she too would be changed, and that she would be spurned from the door. When she entered, she understood that a nephew of Mrs. Cleveland's had arrived from Ireland, on a visit to his aunt, and that, agitated by the meeting, she had retired early to her chamber with an order not to be disturbed. The young man had walked out, and poor Rosa retired to a pillow of thorns, and wept the bitter tears of misery unconsoled. When she should have risen, she fell into a deep sleep, from which she was awaked by the frantic screams of Mrs. Cleveland's maid, who burst into the room with the dreadful intelligence, that her mistress had been found dead in her bed! Rosa sprung from the couch, reeled, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found herself supported in the arms of the imprudent girl, whose rashness had occasioned her indisposition. While Mrs. Cleveland's physician, bent over her, a burst of sorrow relieved her full heart, as she met the compassionating gaze of the good Doctor.

"My dear young lady," said the worthy man, "our friend is gone to receive the reward of her benevolence, in another and a better world! She died," he continued, answering the anxious inquiries he read in her looks, "owing to the bursting of a blood-vessel, which was occasioned, I must imagine, by the vehemence of coughing; but she is happy!" He paused, and a tear fell on his hand.

Rosa now, in spite of his entreaties, insisted on proceeding to the apartment

of her deceased benefactress, and never did a sincerer mourner sink beside the bed of death. She wept the friend of many years, the friend who alone in life cared for, or regarded her, and so forlorn, so exquisite was her sense of misery, that she almost thought, till then, she had never been unhappy.

Rosa's reason, as we have already observed, always fell a victim to the approach of calamity, and her ideas now became wild and unconnected. But still, the recollection of her desolate situation, and the necessity of her removal from her present residence (as Mrs. Cleveland's nephew seemed to be utterly devoid of delicacy or feeling) was forcibly impressed. Mr. De Clifford had never sent her any remittances, and she had but five pounds remaining of the last quarter's payment of the annuity, Mrs. Cleveland generously allowed her; and as she had not made a will (the property being hereditary) she could expect no other provision. Poor old Janet was some time dead! but Lucy was well married, and let lodgings in rather a superior stile than what her mother had done. For her, as a last resource, she sent: the faithful creature immediately obeyed the summons; but shocked by the expression of our heroine's countenance, she burst into tears. Her apartments were fortunately unoccupied, and Rosa having with a gloomy composure, and a brimful eye, watched til the last of the mourning train disappeared, which attended her benefactress to her narrow home, was by Lucy conveyed almost unconscious of her situation to a hackney coach, and shortly set her down at the habitation of her humble friend.

Rosa had now reached the utmost climax of suffering! she had outlived every dear connection, every social feeling. The day wore an appearance gloomy as her sensations, and she seated herself at a window, which presented but a view of dirty streets, and bustling passengers. Every one seemed to have an end in view; a something to inspire them, except herself. Her heart swelled with an incoherent sense of her own desolate situation. Dreams of times departed flòated on her mental vision, when her voice was wont to add to the hilarity of a cheerful circle, and her presence was the promoter of mirth, and good humour. Her sensations each moment assumed a wilder tinge of madness; she groaned in the agony of an afflicted spirit, and franticly exclaimed—

"They say I am guilty! and why should I not be so? for who have I to care for my innocence? I am despised, abandoned, spurned!"—she paused, and gazed franticly around her; the shades of her mother, and of Mrs. Cleveland seemed to pass before her. They smiled approvingly; De Clifford, and Mrs. Lendrick closed the groupe; they also smiled, but to the glazed eye of the maniac, it appeared maliciously! "Ha! you triumph!" she wildly continued. "But I will make you yet feel! I will show you what I might have been, and what I will be. Nay, frown not my mother, your Rosa will be kept in magnificence, and magnificence, in this world is every thing, and guilt—oh! real guilt is nothing!

Burning whirwinds seemed to rush through her brain! she tottered to a table, where lay her letter-case, and a pen and ink. With feeble hands, she with difficulty traced the following lines.

"I am yours, come quick, or I will fly far away, where you, nor any one else, shall find me———

Rosa."

She hesitated who to direct this to, and at length scrawled Mr. Murray's address. "They will think he is my father," she said wildly putting her hand to her head. "When guilty, they will perhaps give me credit for innocence."

She rung the bell, and Lucy appearing, she, with impressive wildness desired her to convey that letter to the post-office; Lucy terrified by her looks, durst not disobey her; and Rosa, fatigued by her exertions, sunk into a chair.

Ah hapless Rosa! had any compassionating friend whispered to thee, that this conduct was the mere effervescence of frenzied madness; had they soothed thee with the celestial balm of benevolence, and led thy thoughts to a *higher power* for comfort, thy fate might have been dif-

ferent. But thou wert friendless, and doomed to be unfortunate.

A heavy stupor now oppressed her faculties. The gloom of evening rapidly approached; and her solitude remained undisturbed, except by the tender cares of Lucy. Rosa unconsciously pulled from her bosom the locket which contained her parent's hair, she gazed on it with deep emotion; it awakened tender recollections, and her heart clung to them. She had often heard her mother say, it was the first present her father had made her. The darker hair she knew was his.

"My father," she tremulously repeated, "alas! I never knew a father, but my mother, my sainted mother;" asked she wildly, "shall I prove unworthy of my mother?"

Absorbed in her emotions, she heard not the opening of the door; nor perceived the entrance of Mr. Murray. The hoary libertine paused, appalled by the picture presented him. Rosa, with dishevelled hair, frenzied eye, and a countenance bearing that within which passeth show, bent over the locket. Strange, undefinable emotions were felt by Mr. Murray. He could not speak; but the oppression of his heart was relieved by a deep sigh; Rosa started. The gentleman advanced, "I came madam ——" by your request he would have added; but franticly shrieking, Rosa, with the inconsistency of madness, clung to Lucy for protection; and as she twined around her, the ribbon which confined her locket snapped, and it fell on the floor. With prophetic agitation, Mr. Murray stooped to lift it; but scarce had he done so, ere the wildness of the maniac seemed communicated to himself.

"Your name," he incoherently, but in deep accents muttered.

"Oh! do not hurt me!" she fearfully replied, "I am Rosa, and my mother was Rosa, yes Rosa Davenant, but my father was——"

He heard no more, the unprincipled Mr. Murray—the libertine, lord Loughshiel, now marquis of Roxborough, sunk senseless at the feet of his unhappy daughter!

It was the marquis of Roxborough who now suffered, under the avenging chastisement of heaven! We will do him the justice to own, that on the death of his father and Lady Loughshiel (who fell a victim to a rage for dissipation, when in a state of pregnancy) he made every possible search for the object of his juvenile attachment with a wish to do her justice; but his efforts to discover her proving vain, he insensibly again imbibed the libertine pursuits he had been but too partial to in youth. Rosa's appearance he had been much struck with, and though her summons was a little incoherent, he eagerly obeyed it.

Sensibly awakened to the fond and agonized fears of a father, the Marquis, when he recovered, found his scourge bitter as his sins, as he viewed the situation of his daughter. He ordered Lucy instantly to prepare a comfortable bed. Medical men of the first eminence were called in. Every delicacy which luxury could invent or money purchase, was procured. But, alas, his attentions came too late! the heart of the sufferer was broken! Alternately, in the delirium of her fever, she raved of her mother, Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Lendrick, and De Clifford, and on the evening of the fourth day, she, without having obtained one interval of reason, sunk, an early prey, to tyrant Death! a hapless victim of calumny and deception!

O! women, stiled lovely and gentle! where lie those qualities, when you wield the deadly sword of scandal! the sneer! the whispered tale! the malignant smile, with which you stab your hapless victim!——Did you but consider, that every sentence you utter, carries a barbed arrow to the heart of innocence! Were the annals of the unfortunate of your sex strictly examined, it would be found, that many of them, unfriended—destitute, yet innocent! sunk beneath your poisoned malice! and became the guilty thing you wished to make them; and that many guilty, but not irretrievably so, were driven to the only resource left them, by the austerity of your virtue.

The Marquis of Roxborough, a prey to remorse, and that never-dying worm conscience, did not long survive his unhappy daughter. Ere his death, however, he had the body of Mrs. St. Clair removed beside Rosa's, in the family

vault, and erected a splendid monument to their memory. Vain mark of ostentatious affection! Mrs. De Clifford's uncle reached England in safety, but too late to experience the peace and happiness he sought for in his family; and, disappointed in his wishes, returned to India. The erring De Clifford, awakened from his dream of dissipation, also returned, but it was only to weep with unavailing penitence over the tomb of her he had so basely deserted; to execrate his own criminality, for the blessing he had lost; and vainly to regret that he had ever left her. Of Mrs. Lendrick we will say little. Let us leave her to her own reflections, which will no doubt one day prove her own *punishment*, and convince her, that never did she lose a sincerer friend than she did in the unfortunate Rosa. MARIA.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH OF A SHORT EXCURSION LATELY TAKEN IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

"*Speak of me as I am.*"
SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO.

Monday.

HAVING met with three friends (two ladies and a gentleman) going to visit Edinburgh, I was prevailed on to accompany them part of the way by two inducements; first, very fine weather, and secondly, an agreeable party. A. M. Embarked on board the packet at Donaghadee, for Portpatrick, where we landed after a passage of four hours. The only unpleasant circumstance during our passage was, the extreme sea-sickness of our fair companions, who were comforted by "sure and certain hopes" of recovery in a few hours. After breakfasting at Portpatrick, we proceeded in a post-chaise to Stranraer, to which a new level road is just now preparing, the present road being one of the worst in Scotland. Stranraer is agreeably situated on the south side of Loch-ryan, which to the N. and N.W. affords excellent anchorage, and frequently abundance of herrings, and other kinds of fish are caught here.

The main street of this town is long, and well built, although not regularly so, and near its junction with the Glenluce road is very narrow. A small expense might obviate this inconvenience, by enlarging the bridge, and the adjoining part of the street. Several smaller streets and lanes intersect the principal one. The town is so eligibly situated, that its increase and improvement are unavoidable; the great roads to Dumfries, Ayr, and Portpatrick, leading through it, so that there is a constant resort of travellers. Stranraer is the seat of a custom-house, and as well as the coasting trade to Glasgow, Greenock, &c. has considerable exports and imports, to and from England and Ireland. It is also a royal burgh, having a vote for a representative (in conjunction with three other burghs) in the Imperial Parliament. Stranraer is mostly the property of the Earl of Stair, and has about 3000 inhabitants. It is a post town, and has well frequented fairs for horses and oxen. Here are two good inns; the *King's Arms* is the best house. From Stranraer to Cairn, six miles, a level road, close to Loch-ryan. The peninsula here called the *Rynnes of Galloway*, reaches from Loch-ryan to the Irish sea. The length, from the Mull of Galloway on the south, to the Fairland point, on the north, thirty miles; breadth, from three to six. In the loch several vessels were at anchor, and on the opposite shore of Kirkcolm, good land, and snug farm-houses, yielded a pleasant prospect. The estate of Cairn belongs to Mrs. Dunlop; and Loch-ryan house, the property of that family, uninhabited for many years, is prettily seated near the shore, contiguous to a steep rocky hill, overgrown with heath; which, with several tall trees adjoining, and the rumbling of water down innumerable precipices, renders the view not displeasing. Here is also a good slate quarry. The village of Cairn contains only a few houses, irregularly built, on the side of Loch-ryan. The inn is tolerable. Here we procured another chaise, and fresh horses. As this carriage was not so large as the one we brought hither, we were greatly crowded. Neither was my male friend of the smallest dimensions, but a "jolly, portly man,